rainbow spectrum: colors
灰村キヨタカ画集

Illustrations

Note: Rainbow Spectrum: Colors is an ARTBOOK containing illustrations by Haimura Kiyotaka. With about 192 pages filled with illustrations, Love Letter SS is only a small part of it.

Story

Part 1

“Kamijou.”

This was a time when autumn's changing to winter.

It was during a slightly more harmonious lunch break.

“I'm looking for Kamijou Touma.”

At the entrance of the classroom was a "senpai" who really didn't look like one, peeping in from the front door. She had shoulder-length black hair, and her bangs were tied back. She was tall and busty, and she was a beauty. The long skirt of her sailor uniform looked like it had strong defenses. One could see her belly button in the gap between her blouse and skirt. She definitely looked smart, and was definitely athletic. Also, it seemed like she didn't need to worry about money, only needing red tea to go along with cake. Though she was an adolescent, she could taste the difference between brandies, and even if she drove around in a red sports car, she wouldn't look out of place. Of course, the latter descriptions were just an impression others would get when they looked at her at all.

She was Kumokawa Seria.

Almost everyone in the school found her to be a "beauty senpai", and there was even a feeling that "if they removed a layer of the exterior, they would find a smart robot". Seeing that they couldn't get along with such a person, the students would just randomly say "What?", "Beauty, she can fire beauty lasers", and "Here we go again, she's looking for Kamijou". They only knew Kamijou's name.

There was still a group of students in the classroom that could ignore the beauty's presence. But the fact that the "beauty senpai" was looking for that person had spread throughout the entire classroom.

"...Hm, seems like he's not around. Is he resting today?"

Kumokawa twitched her eyebrows, as she "couldn't find that person".

Seemed like she was somewhat unhappy.

Then, while looking like she was searching for a new toy, she said,

"Oh, well, let's ask someone else. Hm, who should I look for...? Maybe that person with black hair, a huge forehead, and large breasts, the one imitating me?"

"YOU'RE TOO NOISY, IDIOT!!!"

Kumokawa was looking for the one called the most anticipated freshman star, Fukiyose Seiri.

There was now a commotion of "Ohh, she's looking for Fukiyose".

On a side note, as for which part she was most anticipated for, it was most probably the part below the collarbone, the B of the BWH.

Fukiyose unhappily started seething as she left her seat and quickly approached Kumokawa.

"I've had my hairstyle since I was five. Please stop making judgments based on your own standard!!"

"That's a coincidence; I had that hairstyle since I was five."

"ISN'T THAT AT THE SAME TIME!?"

"But, well, I'm your senpai. You're younger than me by one year."

Uuu... Fukiyose hummed unhappily as she closed in on Kumokawa and stared at her. Kumokawa, finding it interesting as well, played along with Fukiyose by pushing her forehead around.

...With that, the most outstanding parts on their bodies that had been obvious since kindergarten, the B parts underneath the collarbone, were pressing against each other. But it seemed like they didn't have time to notice this predicament.

Because of this, in a corner of the room, Aogami Pierce and Tsuchimikado Motoharu were lecherously staring at them, and said,

"Heh~ Though this country has recession or tariffs or whatsoever, isn't that still ample...?"

"And it's the place where it should be ample."

Beside them, dark lines started to appear heinously on the similarly black-haired Himegami Aisa (who was not large-breasted).

Fukiyose pushed her forehead over and said,

"Well, will the experienced senpai please tell us why she's here at this class of brats?"

"Well, that's because... of this!"

Saying it quickly, Kumokawa quickly pulled out the white envelope like it was a key card and brushed it between their faces. Feeling the heat of the friction, Fukiyose shouted,

"HOT HOT...!?"

"Hm~ Seems like you still need training."

For some reason, Kumokawa's forehead was shining as she smiled casually. She then passed the white envelope in her fingers to Fukiyose, keeping her smile all the while.

What was passed to her was...

"...Ah?"

"It's just a letter. What's so surprising about it?"

One could tell what that was, but right at the tip of Fukiyose's nose was a cute lucky item that was sealed with a heart-shaped sticker. *Is "that" thing inside?*

The female Kumokawa was passing a love letter to me, a woman? For a moment, Fukiyose was stunned, and then she recalled that Kumokawa was here

to look for "that person".

In other words...

"It's a love letter. Seems like he's not around, so pass it to him for me."

For a moment,

Fukiyose Seiri's mind went blank.

The large-breasted senpai smiled at the large-breasted kouhai who hadn't recovered, and said,

"Oh, please let me state this: it's a violation if you read the secret contents inside. I advise you not to do anything silly and help me pass that to him."

"Ah..."

"LOVE!?"

"LOVE LETTER!?"

"AH? TO KAMIJOU!? NOT TO ME!?"

Everyone in the classroom started causing a ruckus.

Facing the stunned Fukiyose, Kumokawa seemingly whispered to her,

"...Ah? Why do you look like you received a shock? Is there a reason as to why you can't pass that letter?"

"No—"

"If there's no problem, then I'll leave it to you. This is just like passing a note to a kid who's resting at home due to flu. Even elementary school kids can do that; isn't that simple?"

Then, Kumokawa casually waved her hand and said goodbye, and the beauty senpai left the classroom.

As for the stunned Fukiyose, she was holding the love letter she didn't know how

to deal with. And then, after taking in all her unhappiness, she exploded.

"WHAT—!?"

SOMETHING BIG HAPPENED!!

Part 2

That's a love letter.

"KAMIJOU..." "KAMIJOU, THAT BASTARD...!" "HOW ARE WE GOING TO MAKE HIM BREAK UP WITH THAT BEAUTY!?" Chaos struck the class that had descended into a ruckus, and Fukiyose focused on the letter in her hand.

Fukiyose wondered, *there's a sender and a receiver. I see, in terms of impact, if one used such an old-fashioned method like paper, the person may gain a huge advantage.*

Giving a bad example, it was like a transaction scam. Before the message was sent back, the receiver may have time to calmly think through to analyze and verify it. In contrast, the sender who wrote the letter directly would have the confidence that 'he would definitely not get rejected', and thus could forcefully let the other person accept it.

Even if the worst scenario occurred, words on a letter were still the best.

The 'sending' of the letter would show the intention of the sender. Also, the sender could force the receiver to respond before opening the envelope.

And especially to the people who weren't used to having love letters, once such a scenario occurred, the receiver would waver. Before the sender calmed down, the other party may ask for an immediate reply. The moment the receiver calmed down, even if he or she didn't know what happened, everything was decided. Wasn't that a skill in itself?

(No no no, is it because a senpai sent the letter that I'm so spaced out?)

"Is this the letter just now?"

The classmate, Himegami Aisa, stared intently at Fukiyose.

Fukiyose fanned the letter and said,

"I just got tasked with something really irritating. The boys' dorm is in a completely different direction from how we go to school."

"Now that you mentioned it, you're right."

"The boys dorm and girls dorm were deliberately separated, and now I have to go to the boys dorm. This just sounds like a penalty game. I'm going to be in grave danger."

"Oh...? I once accidentally went there..."

Facing Himegami, who said that, Fukiyose turned to focus on the envelope again.

How irritating. I don't want to be someone's messenger, especially not that woman's. If I'm going to be her runner, I should at least check her character first. Got to let others do this. So what should I do?

"Oh, I got a great idea."

"?"

Part 3

Though it was after school, and there were no extra-curricular activities to take care of, anyone would be mistaken if they thought that a High School teacher's life was easy!

Right now, the 135cm tall homeroom teacher Tsukuyomi Komoe was in the staff room fighting against the notepad computer, typing away all sorts of questions of a mini-test at the keyboard.

Sitting beside her and looking rather bored as she let the chair spin around, the female teacher said,

“Eh, Komoe-sensei, you're a lot more hardworking than usual today-jan.”

“I want to finish it and then go off to get smashed. I want to finish off all the alcohol in that bar! That's why I came here by bus and didn't drive here. Even if I'm a school teacher, I can't call myself one if I get pressured by homework!”

So that's how it is.

At this moment, Fukiyose Seiri walked in,

“Here, sensei, someone left it to me. Please pass it to Kamijou's house.”

“KYAH!”

While her routine got broken, Komoe-sensei let out a shout that wasn't really scary.

Fukiyose ignored her and continued on,

“I didn't hear her say when it should be sent, but most likely, it's going to be troublesome if this isn't sent today. Please help send it over, sensei.”

“Bu, but, sensei here is as busy as how you see me. Normally speaking, would teachers act as a student's runner? There's also black stout waiting for me, and this isn't anything impo—what's this? LOVE LETTER!?”

Komoe-sensei's eyes landed on the letter the student had handed over, and jumped up in reflex,

Fukiyose sighed and said,

“It's crazy, isn't it? That weird girl who left this with me took off after that. This shouldn't be anything that should be left over there, right?”

“...”

This was bad, Komoe-sensei thought.

A boy-girl relationship between students was a super dangerous and sensitive area to teachers. Though they could just say 'a student's duty is to study! All impure intentions are forbidden!', at this age, young people may be hurt because of love! If she was not careful, the student may not come to school, or even worse, commit suicide!

Thus,

Uwah, this is really troublesome. Are you belittling this single teacher's ability to refuse? But if I refuse them unreasonably, I may end up causing bad things in a student's future and ruin a young person's life, and I won't feel good about it.

While Komoe-sensei was thinking about this, the (female) colleague who was sitting nearby and dressed in sports attire said calmly,

“Hn? Isn't it still allowed?”

“Whose opinion is that? Until what stage is it allowed?”

“As long as they don't get pregnant-jan.”

“HOW CAN A SPORTS TEACHER SAY THAT!?”

Fukiyose stealthily snuck away from Komoe-sensei, who was waving both arms

in protest.

“Then, I'll leave it to you. The rest doesn't matter to me now.”

“Ahh! Hold it right there, Fukiyose-chan! Sensei still has lots of things to do, and you're the one who requested it. Please take responsibility...”

“Ha?”

The black-haired huge-breasted Fukiyose revealed a very wary look and said,

“So you want me to go to that boys dorm after school when it's almost night, and at that Kamijou's room?”

“...I can imagine something big going on. As for Kamijou-chan, I guess it has nothing to do with his own will...”

“Hn? Since when has pregnancy got to do with this?”

Seeing Komoe-sensei still wavering, Fukiyose dashed out to the staff room entrance.

“Bye bye then! Even that Kamijou wouldn't do anything to sensei!”

“Fukiyose-chan! I said that I have a date with black stout later! Ehh, what will happen if I leave it alone!?”

Just like that, the baton was passed from Fukiyose to Komoe-sensei.

As for how Fukiyose was thinking after escaping successfully from the staff room?

God, please let that idiot Kamijou deal with it badly and get severely hurt as a result!

Part 4

Goodbye, my black stout.

“Ha, haa, ahh. I didn't drive because I intended to drink, and now I'm so tired."

Komoe-sensei sighed heavily as she continued to stop and go on the road in the evening.

Walking beside her, the teacher in sports attire laughed and said,

“Hahaha, seems like you can only give up on the black stout and continue to work on the test.”

“...Why is Yomikawa-sensei looking so happy?”

“Because that's punishment for not inviting me-jan.”

“I don't want to be messed up by such a trivial thing.”

“Either way, you just need to drop the envelope into that letterbox and just go off, isn't it-jan?”

“...This, well, it's bad for a teacher's reputation no matter if I hand it over to him or confiscate it from him, right?”

A teacher should respect a student's privacy, but at the same time, she had to monitor the student's actions.

“Iya?”

The teacher in sports attire casually asked,

“Is there a special reason why Komoe-sensei's hesitating so much? Don't tell me —you personally don't want to hand the letter to that student?”

“What are you saying!? Let's hurry up and hand that letter to Kamijou and go off!!”

Those were the 2 teachers who were making a commotion as they headed towards the boys dorm...

Part 5

Nearby, there was a middle school girl who pricked her ears.

Misaka Mikoto.

“...”

“Onee-sama, what's wrong?”

Misaka Mikoto's kouhai, Shirai Kuroko, asked. Both of them were dismissed from school, but Mikoto didn't have any answer to the reaction in her heart.

“Nothing, that's...”

Mikoto turned to look at the tall PE teacher and the child.

(...What's going on? Did that kid just say that idiot's name...? I have a bad feeling about it. Why do I feel that the envelope in that kid's hand mustn't be handed over to that idiot...?)

Just as Mikoto was thinking about this, the girl (?) who was holding onto the letter collided with a student.

“Ah? Komoe-sensei, where's that letter?”

“KYAH—! IT GOT BLOWN AWAY BY THE WIND—!!”

And thus, both of them frantically chased after the letter. They were on a pedestrian walkway, that was surrounded by lots of overhead bridges, so the letter vanished over to the other side and directly below Mikoto.

In other words, this was her chance!

At least that should be the case.

“Misaka won't allow onee-sama to do that, says Misaka.” “—!?”

Hearing the sudden voice from behind, Mikoto quickly poked Shirai in the eyes with 2 fingers to rob her of her sight, and then used an arm to judo slam her from above the shoulder to knock her out.

“WAH!? O-onee-sama, is, is this another way of expressing love...?”

Shirai seemed to be daydreaming as she muttered. No matter what, how could such an important encounter happen in such a side story? Not thinking of the timing, Mikoto decided to let Shirai back away.

Mikoto turned around.

As she expected, standing over there was one of the clones, Serial Number 10032.

“Judging from the current situation, the recipient's of that important letter is 'that person', so this letter can't end up in onee-sama's hands, Misaka says as she shows her intent to battle.”

“...You, you do understand what you just said, right?”

“Misaka is confident enough to say that she understands.”

10032 snorted.

“Misaka will create a fact that 'the letter was taken away by onee-sama' and personally hand that letter over to the recipient, saying to him 'I worked so hard to get it back, praise me more—', Misaka boldly proclaims.”

“Your black-heartedness really shocks me!”

Though Mikoto glared at her, the result was obvious if they fought it out. *I won't have much pride if I lose to a clone.*

“That's what you think.”

“Whose heart are you reading anyway? That wasn't my thought.”

“Misaka refers to onee-sama's retort. Also, it's unclear who will win, as Misaka

uses the power of the entire network to simulate all your tactics, Misaka can swear on it.”

Hoho, if there's a love letter or anything interesting, Misaka will not leave until Misaka reads what's inside, says Misaka as Misaka explains while showing her enthusiasm for fun things.

“Even if you say that, please note that you can't say it out through Misaka's brain,”

Really? But the entire Misaka Network is controlled by a huge thought process, so strictly speaking, #10032 and this Misaka are a part of that large personality, says Misaka as Misaka tilts her head. So will all the Misakas support Kamijou Touma or Accelerator? Wonders Misaka as Misaka starts to carry out a simulation mode to think about it.

“Che, I could have killed two birds with one stone if you didn't say anything, Misaka grumbled. Wa—simulation mode...”

“Oi, what are you doing? Ignoring me and carrying out your own internal conversation!?”

“Misaka as Misaka explains that Misaka can.”

Trapped in self-doubt and causing a network failure, #10032 appeared powerless in front of the #3 esper.

Part 6

The envelope ignored their squabble as it floated about in the sky of Academy City.

But this wasn't a balloon filled with helium, so it couldn't possibly fly away forever.

Picking up the envelope that landed on the ground was,

“Oh, there seems to be some interesting letter on the floor?”

This was the maid-in-training in Academy City, Tsuchimikado Maika.

She was sitting on the cylindrical cleaning robot as she saw the cleaning robot nearly suck the envelope in. Maika quickly used the broom to flick the envelope up just before it was about to get sucked it. It was like a highly difficult task of catching a ball in mid-air with one hand, but she didn't mind at all.

Maika stared at the envelope, looking at the front for a while, and then the back

“...Hmm, seems like it's some important letter.”

Beside her, Maika's older brother Tsuchimikado Motoharu was walking beside Maika, and froze on seeing the envelope in her hand.

“Mai, Mai-chan? Can you let onii-chan read this?”

“Hm? No no, this is somebody else's private stuff. Even if it's onii-chan, I can't let you read it.”

“I, I won't say any random stuff. For some reason, I have a feeling that the letter's a lot different from what you thought, and it's something important...”

“Nononono—”

While the brother was reaching out to grab the envelope, Maika continued to wave her hand, trying to remove the envelope away from her older brother's demonic clutches.

“Ah.”

The hand that was holding that envelope knocked into a girl walking nearby.

“Oh—sorry there!”

Maika lowered her head, and then realized,

“Ara, where's the letter?”

Part 7

The girl who was holding onto the letter moved about through the crowd, but she didn't look at what was inside it.

Before that, amongst the crowd, someone unknowing reached a hand out.

Silently, like a phantom.

The real identity of the person who took the letter was a bespectacled long-haired frail-looking girl.

Her name was Kazakiri Hyouka.

Kazakiri raised the envelope above her head to confirm the recipient's identity.

“So it's someone I know...”

This seemed like a letter that was passed around, nearly stolen and caused quite a commotion, and I know the recipient. Better hand it over to him than to let it land in a criminal's hands.

And thus, Kazakiri started to move towards the boys dorm where Kamijou Touma was staying.

At the entrance of the dorm, there was a management room, but there was no real security surveillance function. Thus, Kazakiri took the elevator to the desired level, through the corridor, past many doors and in front of the recipient's house.

There was a window to receive letters, and she just needed to drop it in.

(...Hm, there's 'that child' here, and 'that child' may end up reading the letter if I drop it here...)

Kazakiri considered for a moment.

(...Oh well.)

Kazakiri casually made such a conclusion and let the cute envelope slide through the window.

Part 8

As for the girl who had memorized all 103,000 grimoires, Index heard the soft 'clunk' sound.

"?"

She turned to look at the entrance, and looked around. Index then found that the bag-shaped installation underneath that door was used to keep newspapers and letters.

Thus, she looked deeper in.

There were still three seconds till the emotion of love kicked in.

However,

"Hm?"

Index tilted her head.

She had definitely heard something drop in, but there was nothing there.

What was there was just,

Some lines of what looked like scratches.

Part 9

The boy rolled up the copper wire he had extended into his sleeve and walked out of the building.

Wires were really convenient.

They could be used to tie people up and used to strangle people to death. It could be used as a weapon to spear through a target's legs, and could even be used to reach for places where the narrow gaps couldn't reach.

He finally got the letter, and he used his fingers to roll past the name on the envelope,

“So this is the contact that the consultant of that director wanted to hand over to Kamijou Touma...”

The boy casually muttered as he wanted to pull out the cute sticker.

At this moment,

“Your brain will be drained out.”

A girl's voice could be heard from behind.

A chill.

Then, without knowing whether it was deep within his skull or the intensity, the boy felt sticky in this 'container that's called a head'.

It got taken away.

It was like tilting a board that had bean curd all over it and letting it slide.

Of course, that was just a mistaken feeling,

But he couldn't resist.

At the same time,

A cracking sound could be heard from his backbone.

Unbelievably, the pain that shouldn't be there causes the fingers to stop. He couldn't move; he was about to become a pillar. The boy finally realized.

(...So the girl's words didn't have any meaning in them.)

The boy felt sweat on his nose tip, but he couldn't rub it away.

(...She just wanted me to feel shocked and create this opening...!?)

This wasn't some special scientific power of Academy City.

It was just a simple trick.

This girl who had used her brain and auditory ability to face off against the darkness managed to use her sharp tongue to a certain effect.

Completely unable to turn back, the boy heard footsteps from behind him.

He knew.

Even if he didn't turn around, his mind could clearly imagine the smile of that shinigami.

“Really, I suppose you should know how people who obstruct other people's feelings should feel, right?”

Such a unique way of speaking.

The breath reached the ear.

“But that's easier for me. To think that I can nab you so easily. I actually wanted to maintain a fine line against that guy, so I intended to let the letter get passed around to spy on the situation, all just to lure you out. But really, right now, I

have a mean to destroy that platform you belong to.”

“Th, then...”

The hormone that didn't allow any refusal kicked in.

His lips completely stopped.

“Before that, I have something that I want to try.”

Only the girl's sweet words slipped into his ears without obstruction.

Deep into his ears.

Deep into his brain.

“You often hear in movies or manga that hypnotism isn't all-powerful, that it can't be effective when the person being controlled doesn't like a command or when it endangers the person.”

The words themselves didn't have any significance.

The main point was to shock that boy.

To open the psychological 'opening', to cause the boy to sink into his own heart.

“Is that true?”

However,

Even if he knew, he couldn't avoid it.

It was like Pandora's Box.

Even though one knew that he couldn't open it, there was a hidden voice tempting, forcing one to open it.

“As for whether it can work, let's try it.”

Part 10

The next day.

Having taken leave because of personal reasons, Kamijou Touma finally returned to school.

Thus,

“Oi, oi, Kamijou, what's your reply?”

“What happened to that love letter?”

“I got it. Attracting beautiful senpais has become an ability of yours, right?”

Kamijou was feeling really weird. Aogami Pierce and Tsuchimikado Motoharu were glaring at him regarding that 'beautiful senpai'; Himegami was looking really horrifying as she muttered 'black-haired, she's running black-haired', and Fukiyose's anger limit seemed to be rather low as compared to usual.

The moment he asked for the reason. POW! Everyone in class continued to bite onto this. Using the entire morning, Kamijou managed to gather the information.

And then, he got a conclusion.

He waited till lunch break before going out to the school cafeteria to check it.

“Senpai, senpai.”

“...It's useless to fool me. I came late and all the stuff in the convenience stores were sold out...”

“Can't you just go to a cafeteria or some snack shop? Anyway, that's not what I want to ask.”

Kamijou corrected what he said, and continued,

“Senpai, what did you use my good name for?”

“Nothing.”

“Really?”

Behind him, “Kamijou...” “Senpai” “Beautiful senpai”, these strange words could be heard from behind him. At this moment, Kumokawa Seria still smiled,

“Nothing. I don't know anything at all?”

“That won't do. I can't break through senpai's defense like this. How can I attack it...”

“What do you mean by that? I'm all open now.”

“?”

No matter when it was, Kumokawa was still as tactful as ever.

She continued to maintain that smile, and finally said,

“It's just that a lot of things happened in places you don't know of, right? Yes, in the place that's devoid of your memories.”